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CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

TRAPPED IN THE DOMAIN OF "THE SWINE!"

A SOUL-SEARING THRILLER!

PRISON OF DEATH!

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1941! The world at *war!* And in a secret laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he fought the Axis powers—until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation.* He woke in the mid-1960s, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that fateful day, Steve Rogers has sought his *destiny* in this brave new world.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

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AFTER RECOVERING FROM THE PSYCHOLOGICAL **BACKLASH** OF A BIZARRE ADVENTURE, THE FALCON IS REUNITED WITH LEILA IN A **SHIELD** HOSPITAL WHERE MINDS ARE MENDED AND HUMAN SPIRITS ARE BROUGHT **BACK** FROM THE ABYSS OF DESPAIR. IN STARK CONTRAST TO THIS HOUSE OF HEALING, FAR AWAY THERE IS A PLACE WHERE SPIRITS ARE **CRUSHED** AND **BROKEN**, WHERE VICTIMS **PLEAD** FOR DEATH--A PLACE WHERE CAPTAIN AMERICA WILL FIND HIMSELF--

FACE TO FACE WITH THE SWINE!

LEILA! W-WE'RE WELL!! WE KNOW WHERE WE'RE AT!! WE'RE YOU AND ME!
A LITTLE BRAIN-WASHING DOESN'T LAST FOREVER!! YOU'VE BOTH GOT YOUR HEADS STRAIGHT, NOW!!
I-IT'S LIKE RUSHING INTO THE SUNLIGHT AFTER RIDING THROUGH A DARK TUNNEL!!
HI, FALCON! HI, BIG SAM WILSON!

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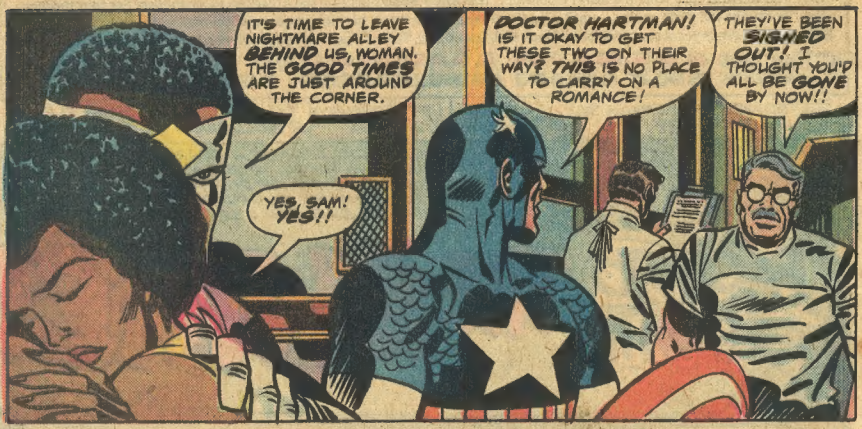

IT'S TIME TO LEAVE NIGHTMARE ALLEY BEHIND US, WOMAN. THE GOOD TIMES ARE JUST AROUND THE CORNER.
YES, SAM! YES!!
DOCTOR HARTMAN! IS IT OKAY TO GET THESE TWO ON THEIR WAY? THIS IS NO PLACE TO CARRY ON A ROMANCE!
THEY'VE BEEN SIGNED OUT! I THOUGHT YOU'D ALL BE GONE BY NOW!!

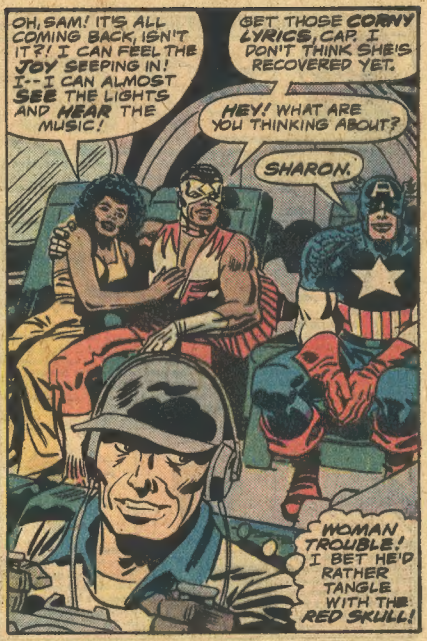
I'LL GIVE THEM ANOTHER MINUTE BEFORE I HUSTLE THEM OUT! THEY HAD A ROUGH TIME!!
YOU SUPER-HEROES SEEM TO GENERATE ROUGH MOMENTS, BUT IT'S CERTAINLY COMFORTING TO HAVE YOU AROUND WHEN THEY STRIKE!

NOT TO EVERYONE, DOCTOR! WE DRAW OUR SHARE OF BRICKBATS... SOMETIMES, FROM THOSE INVOLVED WITH OUR HEARTS AND LIVES -- THOSE WHO MUST LIVE WITH THE FEARS THAT GROW FROM THE DANGERS IN OUR WORK.

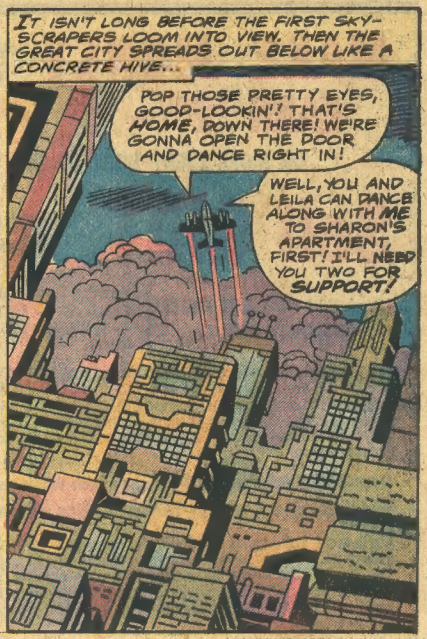
I UNDERSTAND, SON. I'VE SEEN YOU IN ACTION, REMEMBER?
HOWEVER, LEILA AND THE FALCON HAVE WEATHERED THE WORST!
I'M THINKING OF A GIRL NAMED SHARON, DOC. HER THOUGHTS ARE RATHER GLOOMY ON THE SUBJECT.

NONSENSE! TRUE LOVE WILL SURMOUNT ANY TRIAL!
NOW, TAKE OFF! AND GOOD LUCK TO THE LOT OF YOU!
THANK YOU, DOCTOR!
WE'RE GONNA SHAKE UP THE REAL WORLD AND MAKE IT ROLL OUR WAY, CHICK!

SOON AFTER, AT A SHIELD AIRPORT, A SMALL JET ROARS DOWN A RUNWAY AND STREAKS FOR THE SKY...
BIG APPLE, HERE WE COME! LISTEN, YOU TWO! WE OWE OURSELVES A HIGH OLD TIME AS HOMECOMING HEROES!
ALL RIGHT!!! WELL SPOKEN AND WELL TAKEN, M'MAN!! WE'VE GOT IDEAS, YOU'VE GOT IDEAS--SO LET'S TRADE AND LIVE!


OH, SAM! IT'S ALL COMING BACK, ISN'T IT?! I CAN FEEL THE JOY SEEPING IN! I--I CAN ALMOST SEE THE LIGHTS AND HEAR THE MUSIC!
GET THOSE CORNY LYRICS, CAP. I DON'T THINK SHE'S RECOVERED YET.
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?
SHARON.
WOMAN TROUBLE! I BET HE'D RATHER TANGLE WITH THE RED SKULL!

SHARON'S NO PROBLEM. I KNOW SHE'S JUST AS CRAZY ABOUT THIS TEAM AS I AM!!
UH-UH, LITTLE MOMMA. SHE'S DOWN ON THE SUPER-HERO BUSINESS.
OH, SHARON WILL TURN AROUND. A FEW LAUGHS WILL DO IT...


IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THE FIRST SKY-SCRAPERS LOOM INTO VIEW. THEN THE GREAT CITY SPREADS OUT BELOW LIKE A CONCRETE HIVE...
POP THOSE PRETTY EYES, GOOD-LOOKIN'! THAT'S HOME, DOWN THERE! WE'RE GONNA OPEN THE DOOR AND DANCE RIGHT IN!
WELL, YOU AND LEILA CAN DANCE ALONG WITH ME TO SHARON'S APARTMENT, FIRST! I'LL NEED YOU TWO FOR SUPPORT!

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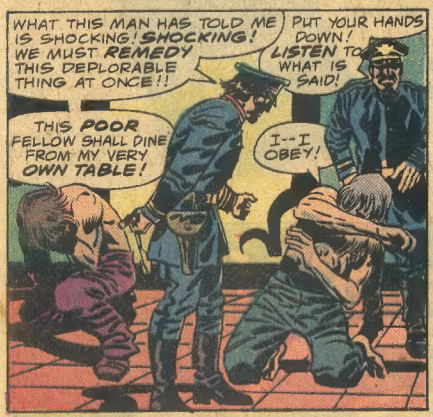
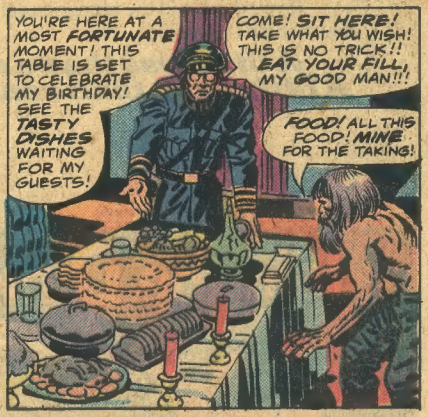
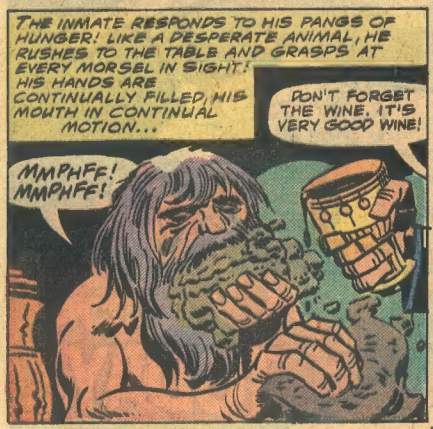
IT IS WHEN THOUGHTS ARE FAR FROM PLACES REMOTE THAT FATE BEGINS TO SPIN A WEB OF STRANGE DESIGN. THE FIRST STRANDS ARE ALREADY FORMING WITHIN A DISMAL, STONE FORTRESS-PRISON, DEEP IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF CENTRAL AMERICA...
I REMEMBER THEM WELL... IMPERFECT CREATURES RAGING AGAINST AN IMPERFECT WORLD! IT IS THE DESTINY OF MAN TO SHAKE HIS FIST AT THE INSENSITIVITY OF NATURE!!
THIS ONE SHAKES HIS FIST, ALL RIGHT, COMANDANTE. BUT ONLY AT US! I HAD TO DROP HIM MANY TIMES WITH MY CLUB!!
MOVE, DOG! MOVE!!
WE'VE BROUGHT THEM, COMANDANTE! THESE ARE THE TWO WHO CAUSED THE DISORDERS AT THIS MORNING'S WORK DETAIL!!
UGH--!!
THE COMANDANTE TURNS TO STUDY THE PRISONERS. HIS FACE BELIES HIS WORDS. IT IS HARDLY A BADGE OF COMPASSION...
HE SHOUTS AND CURSES, COMANDANTE! HE DOES NOT LIKE THIS, HE DOES NOT LIKE THAT! HE SOON HAS THE OTHERS SHOUTING WITH HIM!
WHY, THAT'S MOST SURPRISING! HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A TROUBLEMAKER!
DON'T FENCE WITH US, YOU SWINE! YOU KNOW WE'VE BEEN STARVED!
WE'RE HUNGRY, HUNGRY!
I-IT'S TRUE, EXCELLENCY. THE FEW SCRAPS OF FOOD WE ARE GIVEN WOULD NOT NOURISH A FLEA!
WE GROW WEAKER EACH DAY!

LOOK AT US, YOUR HONOR! WE CAN BARELY STAND! OUR STOMACHS SHRIVEL! THE MARROW DRIES IN OUR BONES!
IT'S USELESS TO BEG FROM THAT SWINE! STAND UP! GET OFF YOUR KNEES!
WE ONLY CRY OUT FOR FOOD!! FOOD!!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE COMANDANTE'S SWAGGER STICK LASHES OUT MERCILESSLY!
YOU PRESS YOUR LUCK TOO FAR, MY FRIEND. INTERRUPT NO FURTHER!
--UKK!
THNNK!


WHAT THIS MAN HAS TOLD ME IS SHOCKING! SHOCKING! WE MUST REMEDY THIS DEPLORABLE THING AT ONCE!!
PUT YOUR HANDS DOWN! LISTEN TO WHAT IS SAID!
THIS POOR FELLOW SHALL DINE FROM MY VERY OWN TABLE!
I--I OBEY!


YOU'RE HERE AT A MOST FORTUNATE MOMENT! THIS TABLE IS SET TO CELEBRATE MY BIRTHDAY! SEE THE TASTY DISHES WAITING FOR MY GUESTS!
COME! SIT HERE! TAKE WHAT YOU WISH! THIS IS NO TRICK!! EAT YOUR FILL, MY GOOD MAN!!!
FOOD! ALL THIS FOOD! MINE FOR THE TAKING!


THE INMATE RESPONDS TO HIS PANGS OF HUNGER! LIKE A DESPERATE ANIMAL, HE RUSHES TO THE TABLE AND GRASPS AT EVERY MORSEL IN SIGHT! HIS HANDS ARE CONTINUALLY FILLED, HIS MOUTH IN CONTINUAL MOTION...
DON'T FORGET THE WINE. IT'S VERY GOOD WINE!
MMPHFF! MMPHFF!

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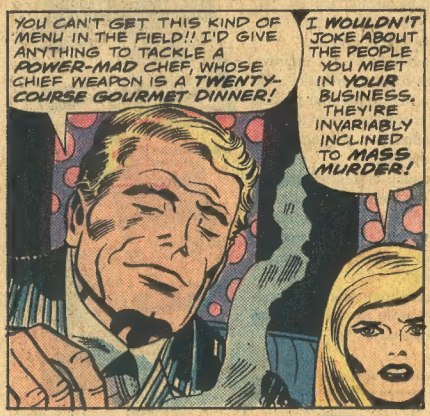
MEANWHILE, IN NEW YORK, OTHER STRANDS OF FATE'S WEB ARE WOVEN AND ANCHORED IN SMILE AND JEST AND THE SPARKLE OF THE NIGHT...
--FINALLY GOT YOUR ORDER, FOLKS! IT'S A BUSY NIGHT!
WE UNDERSTAND, FELIX. MMM, SMELLS GOOD!
I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER BE SERVED!
THE MANAGEMENT WOULD BEND THE RULES A BIT IF THEY KNEW THEY HAD FAMOUS GUESTS--
--BUT IT ISN'T FAIR TO CASH IN ON STEVE AND SAM THAT WAY!
OH, HUSH UP, MOMMA! STOP CHATTIN' AND START CHOMPIN'!


YOU CAN'T GET THIS KIND OF MENU IN THE FIELD!! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO TACKLE A POWER-MAD CHEF, WHOSE CHIEF WEAPON IS A TWENTY-COURSE GOURMET DINNER!
I WOULDN'T JOKE ABOUT THE PEOPLE YOU MEET IN YOUR BUSINESS. THEY'RE INVARIABLY INCLINED TO MASS MURDER!

I--I'M SORRY. BUT STEVE DID BRING UP THE SUBJECT...
IT SURE IS HARD TO KEEP IT OUT OF THE CONVERSATION, ISN'T IT, SHARON HONEY!?
LEILA--!

OF COURSE, I'D BE DELIGHTED IF SAM, HERE, TAUGHT SCHOOL OR DELIVERED MILK. BUT, I'LL TAKE HIM AS HE IS--EVEN IF HE DOES GO OFF TO SAVE THE WORLD TWICE A WEEK!!
KNOW WHAT I'M READY FOR? A BIG SLAB OF APPLE PIE WITH TWO SCOOPS OF ICE CREAM RIDING SHOTGUN!

FELIX! REMEMBER, THAT DESSERT I TALKED TO YOU ABOUT!?! --"THE BIG A"?
AH, YES, SEÑOR WILSON-- "THE BIG A" WITH THE ICE CREAM SHOTGUN!

AS THE WAITER CHATS WITH SAM, TWO MEN SUDDENLY RISE FROM THEIR TABLE...
PUT THREE SCOOPS ON IT, FELIX! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME BETWEEN DESSERTS.
SI, MISTER WILSON! I GET ON THE BALL, RIGHT NOW!
YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE, FELIX GARCIA. THIS TIME, YOU GO OUR WAY! -- BACK TO THE PRISON AT RIO DE MUERTE!
RIO DE MUERTE! NO! NO!! --NOT BACK TO THAT PLACE--AND THE SWINE!
WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME--?!
HEY! THOSE TWO DUDES ARE PUNCHING OUT FELIX! WE'VE GOT TO--
STEVE! WAIT! DON'T!
THEY'RE EVIDENTLY POLICEMEN--AND FELIX IS RESISTING ARREST!
HAHAHA! THE COMANDANTE IS WAITING FOR YOU, DOG!
NO! NO!
DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!
ONE OF THOSE BIRDS HAS PULLED A GUN! THERE'S NO NEED FOR THAT!
STASH THE HEATER, PANCHO! YOU'RE IN A CROWDED RESTAURANT! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!!?
THIS IS NONE OF YOUR AFFAIR, SEÑOR! RETURN TO YOUR TABLE!
I SAY KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!
OR PERHAPS MY PISTOL SHOULD SPEAK FOR ME!
THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED, PANCHO!

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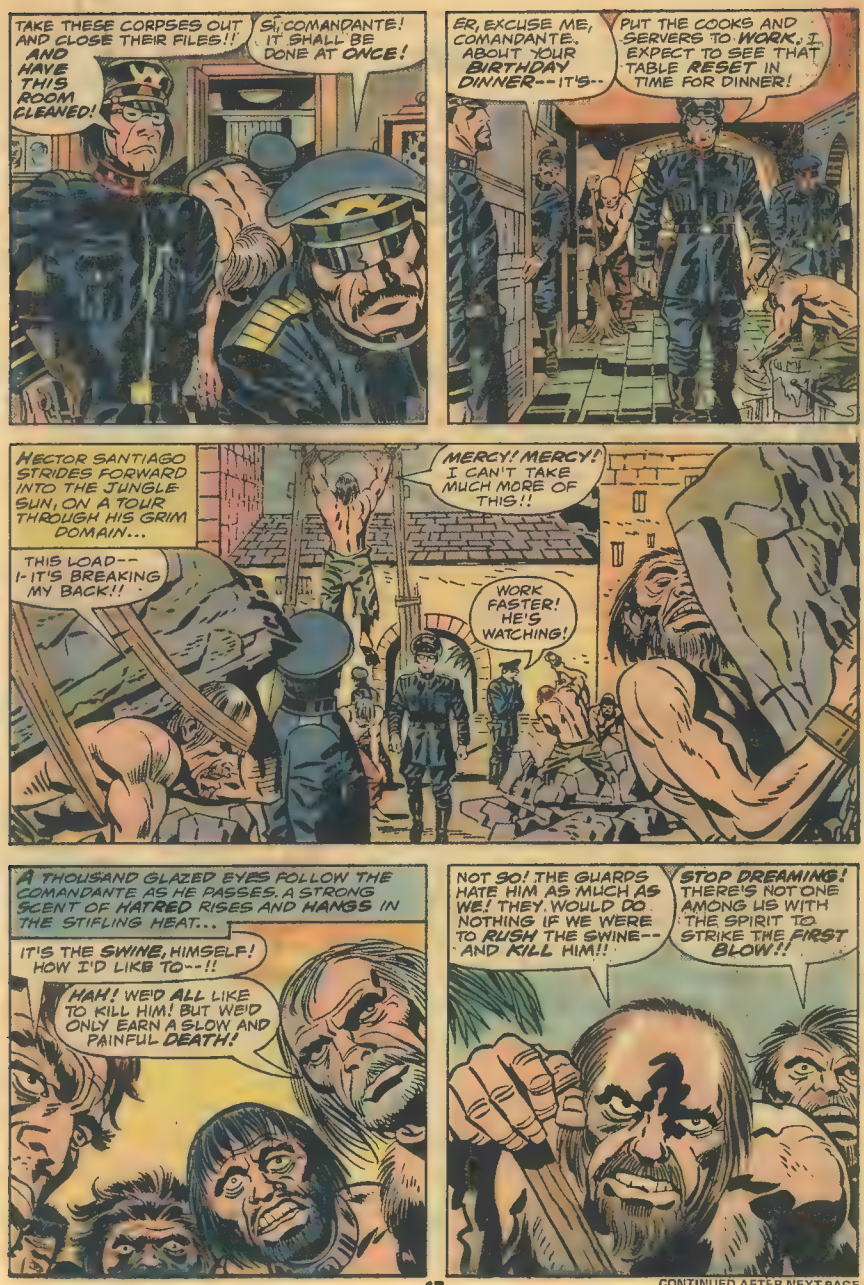
SUDDENLY, WITH COBRA SPEED...
BAM!
I DON'T LIKE DUDES WHO USE THIS KIND OF LANGUAGE! SO I'LL SHORTEN YOUR SPEECH!
Y-YOU INSOLENT DOG!! I'LL--!!
THEN...
UHH!
KRAK!
THAT DID IT!
SCREAMS AND PANIC FOLLOW IN THE WAKE OF THE ENSUING ACTION!!
LOOK OUT, SAM! HIS FRIEND'S GOT A WEAPON, TOO!
POW!
CRAZY FOOL!! FIRING THAT PIECE IN A PUBLIC PLACE!
STEVE REACHES THE MAN! HE QUICKLY GRASPS HIS PISTOL-ARM AND WHIPS HIM OFF HIS FEET!!!
BAM!
I'LL TAKE THAT GUN!
--AND I'LL TAKE HIM!
Y'GOTTA LEARN TO CONTROL YOUR KILLING-HABITS, MISTER!! ESPECIALLY IN THE PRESENCE OF LADIES!
OUR CAPTIVE HAS ESCAPED! YOU TWO SHALL PAY FOR THIS!

OKAY! PUT THIS ON THE TAB!
WAAM!
AAAA!!
MEANWHILE, BELOW THE BORDER, NEAR A JUNGLE STREAM CALLED RIO DE MUERTE, THE "RIVER OF DEATH"...
I--I CAN'T EAT ANY MORE! I--I'M IN PAIN! M-MY INNARDS ARE TWISTED INTO KNOTS!!
THE PAIN WILL PASS! HAVE SOME FRUIT!
UHHHHHH!
I--I CAN'T! THE PAIN! THE PAIN!!
PERHAPS SOME LIQUID REFRESHMENT WILL HELP! DRINK IT! ALL OF IT!!
YOU'LL NOT WALK AWAY FROM THE TABLE OF THE COMANDANTE WITHOUT EATING ALL YOUR MISERABLE HIDE CAN HOLD!

THE INMATE TEARS HIMSELF FREE. HE CLAWS AT THE TABLE AS CONSTRICTING PAIN CAUSES HIS BODY TO JERK WITH SPASMS!! HE SLIPS INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, NEVER REALIZING THAT THIS HAS BEEN HIS FINAL MEAL...
THEN, HIS STRUGGLES CEASE. DEATH COMES, AND, IN THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWS, THE COMANDANTE CALMLY FINISHES THE REST OF THE WINE...
POOR WRETCH! I DID MY BEST FOR HIM!
BUT, IT WAS FOOLISH TO SHOWER SUCH AN ANIMAL WITH KINDNESS! HE MADE A MESS OF THIS ROOM AND DIED IN THE PROCESS!!
THAT'S A LIE! YOU KILLED HIM, SWINE! YOU DELIBERATELY KILLED HIM!
WHAT WAS THAT!!?
YOU KILLED HIM! YOU KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN HE JAMMED ALL THAT FOOD INTO HIS STARVED AND SHRUNKEN STOMACH!!
SILENCE!
WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT YOU IS TRUE! EVERYWHERE IN THIS TERRITORY THEY TALK OF HECTOR SANTIAGO--
THE SWINE!!
YOU SHALL DIE WITH THAT NAME ON YOUR LIPS!
GUARDS! STAND CLEAR OF THAT MAN!! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT HE'S CARRYING THE PLAGUE!!?
WAM!


TAKE THESE CORPSES OUT AND CLOSE THEIR FILES!! AND HAVE THIS ROOM CLEANED!
SI, COMANDANTE! IT SHALL BE DONE AT ONCE!
ER, EXCUSE ME, COMANDANTE. ABOUT YOUR BIRTHDAY DINNER--IT'S--
PUT THE COOKS AND SERVERS TO WORK. I EXPECT TO SEE THAT TABLE RESET IN TIME FOR DINNER!
HECTOR SANTIAGO STRIDES FORWARD INTO THE JUNGLE SUN, ON A TOUR THROUGH HIS GRIM DOMAIN...
MERCY! MERCY! I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS!!
THIS LOAD-- I-IT'S BREAKING MY BACK!!
WORK FASTER! HE'S WATCHING!
A THOUSAND GLAZED EYES FOLLOW THE COMANDANTE AS HE PASSES. A STRONG SCENT OF HATRED RISES AND HANGS IN THE STIFLING HEAT...
IT'S THE SWINE, HIMSELF! HOW I'D LIKE TO--!!
HAH! WE'D ALL LIKE TO KILL HIM! BUT WE'D ONLY EARN A SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATH!
NOT SO! THE GUARDS HATE HIM AS MUCH AS WE! THEY WOULD DO NOTHING IF WE WERE TO RUSH THE SWINE-- AND KILL HIM!!
STOP DREAMING! THERE'S NOT ONE AMONG US WITH THE SPIRIT TO STRIKE THE FIRST BLOW!!

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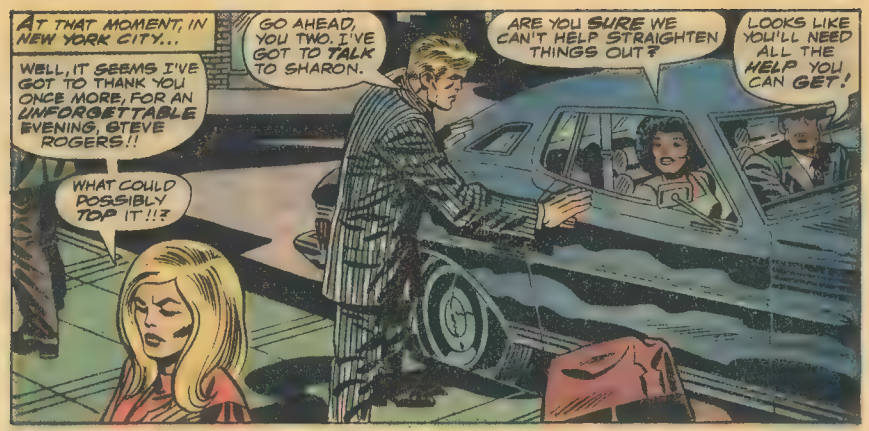
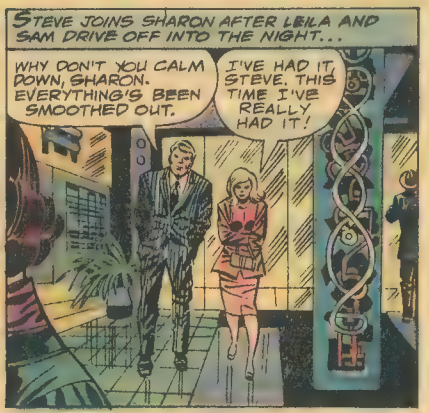
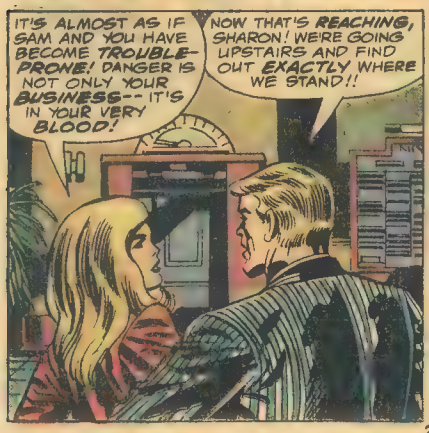
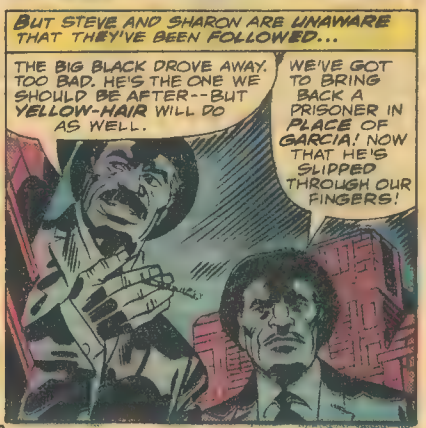

AT THAT MOMENT, IN NEW YORK CITY...
WELL, IT SEEMS I'VE GOT TO THANK YOU ONCE MORE, FOR AN UNFORGETTABLE EVENING, STEVE ROGERS!!
WHAT COULD POSSIBLY TOP IT!!?
GO AHEAD, YOU TWO. I'VE GOT TO TALK TO SHARON.
ARE YOU SURE WE CAN'T HELP STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT?
LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL NEED ALL THE HELP YOU CAN GET!

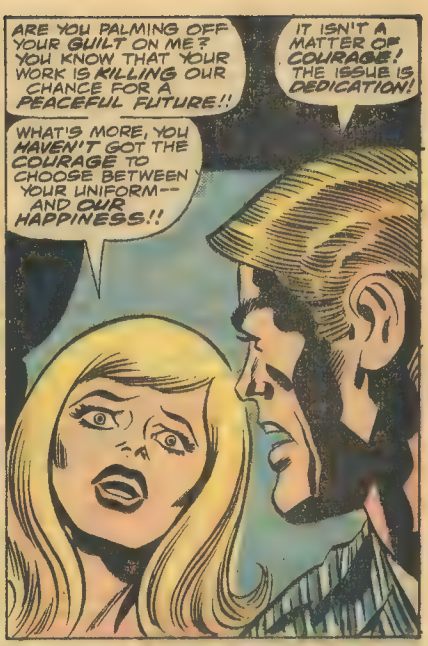
I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, MAN. I'M TRULY SORRY... BUT WHEN THOSE TWO GOONS STARTED OPERATING, IT WAS DISASTER TIME!
FORGET IT, CHUM! LET'S CHALK IT UP AS AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT, WITHOUT A SERIOUS CASUALTY.
WE'LL SETTLE FOR THAT. GOODNIGHT, STEVE.

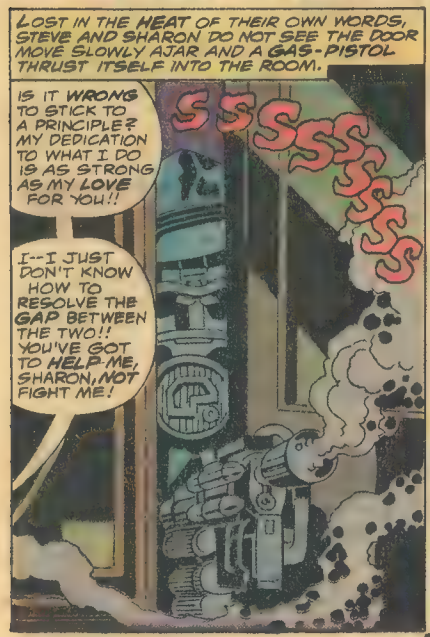

STEVE JOINS SHARON AFTER LEILA AND SAM DRIVE OFF INTO THE NIGHT...
WHY DON'T YOU CALM DOWN, SHARON. EVERYTHING'S BEEN SMOOTHED OUT.
I'VE HAD IT, STEVE. THIS TIME I'VE REALLY HAD IT!


IT'S ALMOST AS IF SAM AND YOU HAVE BECOME TROUBLE-PRONE! DANGER IS NOT ONLY YOUR BUSINESS-- IT'S IN YOUR VERY BLOOD!
NOW THAT'S REACHING, SHARON! WE'RE GOING UPSTAIRS AND FIND OUT EXACTLY WHERE WE STAND!!


BUT STEVE AND SHARON ARE UNAWARE THAT THEY'VE BEEN FOLLOWED...
THE BIG BLACK DROVE AWAY. TOO BAD. HE'S THE ONE WE SHOULD BE AFTER--BUT YELLOW-HAIR WILL DO AS WELL.
WE'VE GOT TO BRING BACK A PRISONER IN PLACE OF GARCIA! NOW THAT HE'S SLIPPED THROUGH OUR FINGERS!

MEANWHILE, SHARON'S APARTMENT IS THE SCENE OF AN EMOTIONAL CONFRONTATION...
I'VE TRIED STEVE! I'VE DONE MY BEST TO MAKE YOU SEE HOW YOUR ROLE OF SUPER-TROUBLE-SHOOTER IS DOMINATING OUR LIVES!!
BE THAT AS IT MAY, IT HASN'T CHANGED MY FEELINGS TOWARD YOU! THEY ARE CONSTANT AS EVER!


ARE YOU PALMING OFF YOUR GUILT ON ME? YOU KNOW THAT YOUR WORK IS KILLING OUR CHANCE FOR A PEACEFUL FUTURE!!
IT ISN'T A MATTER OF COURAGE! THE ISSUE IS DEDICATION!
WHAT'S MORE, YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE COURAGE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN YOUR UNIFORM-- AND OUR HAPPINESS!!


LOST IN THE HEAT OF THEIR OWN WORDS, STEVE AND SHARON DO NOT SEE THE DOOR MOVE SLOWLY AJAR AND A GAS-PISTOL THRUST ITSELF INTO THE ROOM.
IS IT WRONG TO STICK TO A PRINCIPLE? MY DEDICATION TO WHAT I DO IS AS STRONG AS MY LOVE FOR YOU!!
I--I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO RESOLVE THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO!! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, SHARON, NOT FIGHT ME!
SSSSSSSS

THE POTENT VAPORS DRIFT TOWARD THE UNWARY VICTIMS, UNDETECTED BY SCENT OR COLOR. BUT THEY WILL ACT WITH DEVILISH SWIFTNESS AND WITH GRAVE EFFECT...
I AM FIGHTING! I'M FIGHTING YOUR EGO! I'M FIGHTING A LITTLE BOY WHO WON'T GROW UP, BECAUSE HE LIKES THE SOUND OF BATTLE! YOU'RE A WAR-LOVER, STEVE ROGERS!
YOU DON'T MEAN THAT! YOU KNOW THAT I GO INTO ACTION ONLY WHEN I'M NEEDED!
HEY! I FEEL KINDA FUNNY! I--

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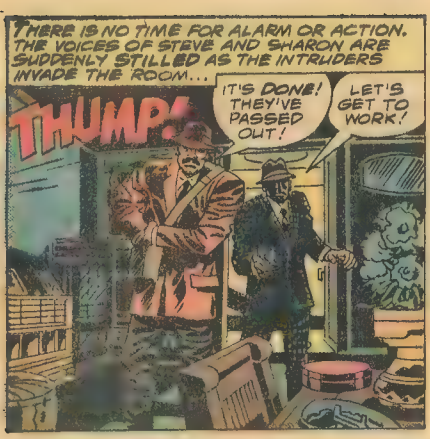
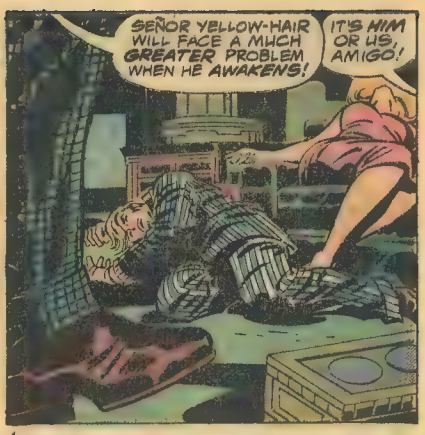
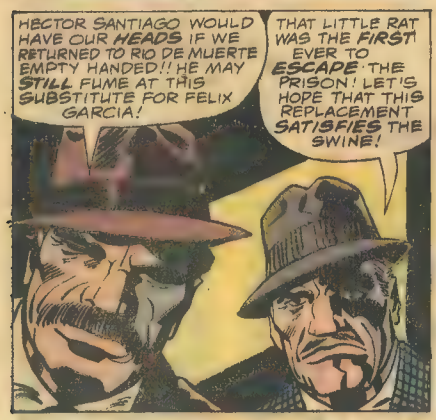
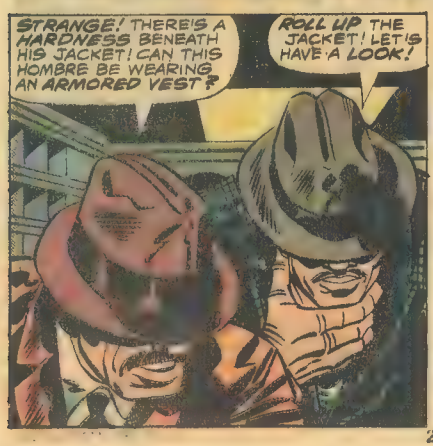

THERE IS NO TIME FOR ALARM OR ACTION. THE VOICES OF STEVE AND SHARON ARE SUDDENLY STILLED AS THE INTRUDERS INVADE THE ROOM...
THUMP!
IT'S DONE! THEY'VE PASSED OUT!
LET'S GET TO WORK!


SEÑOR YELLOW-HAIR WILL FACE A MUCH GREATER PROBLEM WHEN HE AWAKENS!
IT'S HIM OR US, AMIGO!


HECTOR SANTIAGO WOULD HAVE OUR HEADS IF WE RETURNED TO RIO DE MUERTE EMPTY HANDED!! HE MAY STILL FUME AT THIS SUBSTITUTE FOR FELIX GARCIA!
THAT LITTLE RAT WAS THE FIRST EVER TO ESCAPE THE PRISON! LET'S HOPE THAT THIS REPLACEMENT SATISFIES THE SWINE!

HE'LL DO, ALL RIGHT! THE SWINE WILL ENJOY BREAKING HIS SPIRIT!!
SOMETHING WRONG?
WH--!? WHAT'S THIS!!?

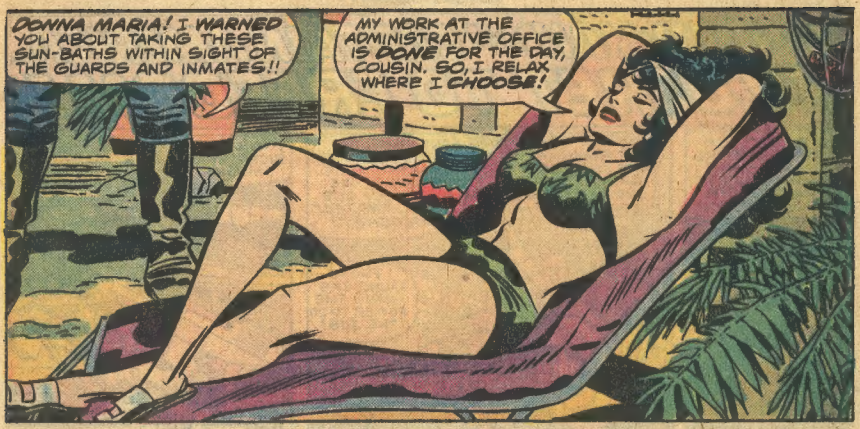

STRANGE! THERE'S A HARDNESS BENEATH HIS JACKET! CAN THIS HOMBRE BE WEARING AN ARMORED VEST?
ROLL UP THE JACKET! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

THEN--!!!
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS!!? YELLOW-HAIR CONCEALS A YANKEE SHIELD AND COSTUME!!
HE IS A STRANGE ONE INDEED, AMIGO!

I SENSE THAT WE'VE NETTED AN IMPORTANT FISH! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST AND HUSTLE HIM OUT OF HERE! THE CORRIDOR IS EMPTY OF WITNESSES!
HE'S A BIG ONE! IT WILL TAKE ALL OUR STRENGTH TO MOVE HIM!!
QUICKLY! WE'LL TAKE HIM DOWN THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR. THERE'S LESS CHANCE OF DISCOVERY!
HAHAHA! THIS IS A STROKE OF LUCK, AMIGO.
HECTOR SANTIAGO WILL RAISE OUR PAY FOR BRINGING THIS ONE TO HIM. I THINK YELLOW-HAIR IS ONE OF THOSE SUPER-HEROES!
OF COURSE! A SUPER-HERO! THE SWINE WILL LOVE TO WORK ON A SUPER-HERO!
DANGER SEEMS TO SEND ITS OWN SIGNALS WHEN THERE IS RAPPORT BETWEEN INDIVIDUALS WHO LIVE WITH IT--LIKE STEVE ROGERS AND SAM WILSON--FOR AT THAT MOMENT IN LEILA'S APARTMENT...
NO, YOU DON'T SAM!! DON'T TOUCH THAT PHONE!
I--I JUST GOT ONE OF THOSE PSYCHIC VIBRATIONS, HONEY. YOU KNOW--A PREMONITION! LIKE SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING THAT I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT AND--
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CALL STEVE ROGERS. YOU'RE GOING TO LET HIM AND SHARON IRON OUT THEIR DIFFERENCES!
WHILE WE MAKE THE MOST OF OUR COMPATABILITY!! WE ARE COMPATIBLE, AREN'T WE SAM?
WOMAN, IT WOULD TAKE AN EARTH-QUAKE TO SHAKE ME LOOSE FROM THIS VELVET TRAP!!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

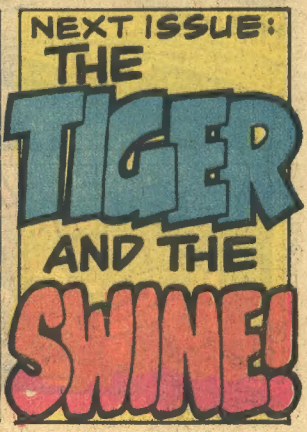
THUS, FATE'S WEB IS SPUN. THUS, THE SPIDER AWAITS THE COMING OF THE FLY...
COMANDANTE! I CAN DO NOTHING WITH THIS ONE!
HE FEIGNS, FATIGUE, NO DOUBT.
HE CLAIMS THAT HE WANTS A LIGHTER TASK. HE CANNOT CONTINUE WITH THIS ONE!
OF COURSE! IT'S QUITE UNDER-STANDABLE!
THE STONES GROW HEAVIER, EXCELLENCY. I CAN NO LONGER CARRY THEM.
THE MAN WANTS LIGHTER WORK! WHY, THEN, HE SHALL HAVE IT!!
I'M CERTAIN, YOU CAN PUSH THIS SMALL FRUIT, FELLOW.
HE SHALL PUSH IT WITH HIS NOSE! TEN MILES EACH DAY, FOR A MONTH!! AND, IF HE PROTESTS, THEN RETURN HIM TO THE BOULDERS!
HAHA HAHA! HE'LL WEAR HIS NOSE DOWN IN A WEEK!! HAHAHA!
AND, OBSERVING NEARBY--
HECTOR, THE SWINE TRULY EARNS HIS NAME! ONLY SATAN HIMSELF COULD MATCH HIS SENSE OF HUMOR!
THERE IS A DEVIL INSIDE HIM, ALL RIGHT.
A DEVIL OF A WOMAN!
NO! IT IS FEAR AND HATE THAT DRIVES THE SWINE! BUT THE WOMAN HELPS! SHE FANS THE FIRES THAT WILL SOMEDAY DESTROY HIM!
AND TO THINK THAT HECTOR HAS SUCH A DESTROYER IN HIS VERY OWN FAMILY...
I WONDER HOW SHE WILL FINALLY DO HIM IN!!?


DONNA MARIA! I WARNED YOU ABOUT TAKING THESE SUN-BATHS WITHIN SIGHT OF THE GUARDS AND INMATES!!
MY WORK AT THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE IS DONE FOR THE DAY, COUSIN. SO, I RELAX WHERE I CHOOSE!

YOU DO THIS REPEATEDLY, AGAINST MY WISHES! DO YOU FORGET WHO GOT YOU THIS JOB? IS THIS HOW YOU REPAY A BENEFACTOR?--- A MEMBER OF YOUR OWN FAMILY?
DON'T CRY, HECTOR! AND DON'T BULLY ME! I'M NOT ONE OF THE SHEEP WHO SERVE YOU HERE!

AND I'M NOT A PATIENT MAN, COUSIN! MY WORD IS LAW IN THIS PLACE!
I KNOW IT WELL, HECTOR. I KNOW HOW YOU USE IT TO AMUSE YOURSELF WITH BROKEN SPIRITS!

IF YOU DISAPPROVE OF MY METHODS HERE, YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME TO LEAVE RIO DE MUERTE!!
NO, HECTOR! I'LL WAIT! I KNOW THAT A REAL MAN WILL ONE DAY COME HERE AMONG US TO BREAK YOU--AS YOU HAVE BROKEN OTHERS!!!


NEXT ISSUE:
THE
TIGER
AND THE
SWINE!

Dear Whomever,

It was fate. Jack Kirby and CAPTAIN AMERICA were meant to be.

But...Cap and the Falcon have outlasted their partnership. I buy CAPTAIN AMERICA regularly to see the red-white-and-blue Avenger, and lately I have seen too much of the Falcon. To put it simply, he cramps Cap's style. Ish # 202 shows my point.

Eight and two-thirds pages of the Falcon, but only eight and one-third pages of Captain America. This is not the important factor, however. The eight and two-thirds Falcon pages were mostly action, while throughout most of the issue, Cap did little more than talk, sit, and admittedly get tired.

As a final note, I would like to say to the first and only King that I criticize for just one reason—I'm right.

Richard A. Buchko, Jr.
2291 Eighth Street
Wyandotte, MI 48192

To tell you the truth, Rich, yours was the first letter we've received in years telling us that Cap's and Falc's partnership was the pits. In fact, most people don't even comment on the team-up anymore, choosing just to remark on the story and art, perhaps in the belief that they don't want to buck the status quo.

Whatever the reasons, it seems that most of fandom wants the high-flying Falcon to stay where he is. And until an overwhelming majority decide that they want us to deep-six Falc, he's going to do just that.

Comprende?

Dear Marvel,

I just can't hold off any longer. I've been saving my comments on the Jolly One's take over of CAPTAIN AMERICA until he settled in and the strip improved...and it has. It's improved from downright awful to only slightly nauseating.

Really, fellas, Jack's stories were never more than very good, and his art always has left something to be desired. But now he's regressed tremendously.

I feel that unless Kirby experiences a small miracle, or you change writer/artists, Cap's mag will soon join SUB-MARINER, SILVER SURFER, and ARRGH! in the great beyond.

Also, all I've read in the letters pages so far is praise. I know you've gotten criticizing letters. How about covering all general opinions, huh?

Paul Butler
809 Gannon Avenue
Madison, WS 53714

Covering all opinions, huh?

Okay, Paul, just to foment a little furious discussion, we're printing the following letters.

Dear Folks,

I just read the Secret Empire/Nomad/Falcon's Past segment of CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON. Then, I read the Madbomb series. I wanted to cry.

I suppose it's fitting that the man who created Captain America be allowed to destroy him, but I can't let it go unnoticed. Kirby's credentials as an artist are well-known; perhaps too well-known since his hero-worshipping fans have tolerated scripts that would normally be unacceptable in a Marvel magazine. Didn't the Nomad teach us the dangers of hero-worship, class? Two complex, thinking characters have been turned into a couple of jocks who are incapable of thinking past their next punch. Falcon gets in his token reference to the ghetto every issue. He used to *live* there. Cap speaks every word as if giving a speech to the V. F. W. None of this dialogue has one iota of the eloquence of issues #176 or #183.

The Madbomb plot had potential, but it was immediately buried in ripped off subplots. We had the *1984* rip off, the ROLLERBALL rip off, and—that old standby—the love affair with the victim of a terminal illness. We see a rather ludicrous underground hideout. I couldn't even consider it dangerous when compared to the Secret Empire's HQ. There are also weird houses, and now other dimensions. Does Jack know how to write in the real world?

John McGreevey
(No address given)

Dear Jack, Stan, Steve, Frank, Marv, etc.,

Since you don't print any criticism about Jack, I know this letter won't be printed, but it still has to be said.

I believe the Golden Age of Marvel was about the mid-1960's. All the mags were incredibly good, except for CAPTAIN AMERICA. Why? Because there was no character development. From the splash page to the ending there was nothing but senseless battle.

Now to 1973: Steve Englehart arrived! He breathed new life into a dying magazine. Cap began to question his and America's action. Those cliche-breaking issues of Steve's were among the best Marvel ever put out.

But on comes 1976. Jack Kirby writes Cap as if it was in the 40's or 50's. His writing on CAP breaks away from everything Steve did to make Cap realistic. All we see now is battle without sense or character development.

Cap is a symbol of democracy, right? But if he questions nothing he does, he's no better than the 1950's Cap from issues #153-156.

Jack, quit writing CAP. I for one want Steve back. I'm sure Marveldom Assembled agrees.

Jim Caple
2652 Fir
Longview, WA 98632

Do they, Jim? We don't think so.

As we've said before, the difference between Kirby and Englehart is basically one of style. They each have their individual visions as to who Cap is, and both of their Caps are different in character than the way he *originally* appeared. We could argue forever about their respective merits and maladies, but there is nothing we can say about the book that the King can't say for himself in his work.

We feel that most of our readers like Jack's work, and whether we're right, only time and sales will tell.

Dear Jack,

The last we saw of Sharon Carter she was thinking of breaking off with Captain America. Are you planning to resolve that problem? I'd prefer you did not simply ignore it the way you ignore Steve's and Sam's previous identity problems. The extreme changes in personality that occurred in the heroes when you took over were unsettling.

Ann Nichols
4864 Sioux Avenue
Sierra Vista, AZ 85635

Just keep watchin', Ms. Nichols. Sharon Carter is back again as bombastic as ever, and the very subplot you speak of is in the process of being resolved.

Dear Bullpen,

I had a long letter all planned out full of criticisms and praise of this mag, but when I sat down to type it, I found I had forgotten everything I was going to say! Except, that this is my favorite comic! As for the criticisms, if I forgot them they must not be worth remembering.

Dee Waltz
250 Forest Street
Oberlin, OH 44074

We had a long answer all planned out full of appreciation, but when we sat down to paste up this letter column, we realized that we had run out of space, so all we have room to say is:

Thanks.

scanned by *Wizard*